

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne re part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dawg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty found.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be.

My Father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dawg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to Conentry, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to Sutton-cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, Ile answere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant Peto
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowst Gurner; I
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes; such a com-
moditie of warme slaues, as had as leue heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier; worse then a
strok-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse me none but such
Tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my
whole

whole charge consistes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and
such as iudeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Ser-
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters
and Ostlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-
cient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a
hundred and fiftie rotted Prodigals; lately come from Swine-
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met mee
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Skar-crowes.
He not march through Conentry with them, that's flat: nay, and
the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is twoo
Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a
Hearalds coate without sleeues; and the Shirt to say the truth,
stolne from mine Host of S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper
of Daintry: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on e-
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne lacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What Hal? How now madd wag, what a diuell dost thou
in Warwick shire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at Shrewesbury.

West. Fayth, Sir John, 'tis more then time, that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can
tell you, looks for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, lacke, whose fellows are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toise, food for powder, food for